

DIPLOMATS WELL REPRESENTED HERE DESPITE HOLIDAY LURE

QUESTION AS TO WILSON'S HEALTH CROPS UP AGAIN

Apparently Improved Since Leaving the White House

THE query as to how former President Wilson "really is" is perennial. Everybody asks it and very few people really know the answer. Every little while there is a rumor that he is "in rather a bad way"—which is always promptly denied at his home. One night last week it seemed peculiarly insistent. A friend who lives nearby tells me that all the reporters in Washington were sitting on the doorstep, waiting for something to happen. And nothing "happened."

Every once in a while one gets a glimpse of Dr. Wilson out for his daily drive, looking a rather fragile, scholarly, elderly man—not robust, perhaps, but certainly not desperately ill. And at rather longer intervals one sees him at Keith's.

Within a night or two of the last rumor of a serious relapse, he was there; possibly "malice aforethought" to prove to the newspaper men that he wasn't dead yet—not by a long shot! He doesn't attempt to get into his old place in the mezzanine boxes; it is admitted, that he cannot negotiate stairs. So he, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and usually by one of her brothers, who is proud to serve the former President as "secretary," takes a place reserved for him in the orchestra circle. Of course, he is always recognized, and usually there is some little demonstration, though I gather that he rather deprecates anything of the sort, and the Keith management discourages it.

Mrs. Wilson is practically cloistered in their S street home with him. She has devoted herself absolutely to taking care of him, and during the nearly eighteen months since she left the White House has gone nowhere and done nothing in a social way—except for a reception given by Democratic women some few months ago, at which she was the honor guest—an occasional luncheon and nowadays a semi-occasional evening party. They have a few friends for dinner now and then, but really very little company. The nearest approach to a "party" was a luncheon which President Wilson's last Secretary of State, and present law partner, Bainbridge Colby, and Mrs. Colby came down for. And that was not at all a formal function—not a luncheon so much as "just lunch."

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo came down and spent a few days with her father before she went out to California to live, a few months ago; and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones was the guest of the Wilsons for a few days—over the Fourth, I believe it was. I haven't heard of Miss Margaret Wilson or Mrs. Sayre having been in Washington for months. From all of which one might readily infer that those in a position to know what the former President's condition is see no cause for anxiety.

Some one asked me mysteriously what I made out of the fact that Admiral Grayson, the former President's physician, had been seen coming out of 2340 S street on Tuesday, and was greatly disgusted because I refused to make anything of it. Dr. Grayson goes there a great deal, both professionally and socially. When she's in town, Mrs. Grayson goes there a great deal, also. She was Gertrude Gordon, you remember, a sort of unofficial "ward" of Mrs. Norman Galt's—a ward of the affections only—before the latter became Mrs. Wilson.

Indeed, it is to that friendship that Mrs. Galt's marriage to President Wilson is generally attributed, to the extent at least that their meeting came about through Grayson, who was devoted to Gertrude Gordon from the day she made her debut. Last Tuesday, Admiral Grayson came back from a week-end at Narragansett Pier, where Mrs. Grayson and the children are established for the summer. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should look in, both to give the Wilsons the latest news or his own family, and to see how his distinguished patient had stood the oppressive sultriness of the last few days. More—it is almost conclusive evidence that Dr. Wilson was not likely to need his physician that Dr. Grayson had been away for the week-end.

On the whole, I should say that Dr. Wilson had improved greatly since leaving the White House and was quite as likely as the next man to live for years. He is kept done up in cotton wool, so to speak. The whole household is arranged with consideration for his condition. Nothing that could conceivably disturb him is allowed to intrude upon his consciousness; he is surrounded by people who make him their whole business in life—who see to

MRS. MITCHELL, wife of John R. Mitchell, of the Federal Reserve Board, has found summer in Washington "not so bad after all." She will, however go to the shore for August and will be joined by her daughter, Miss Louise Mitchell, who has been spending the summer on her parents' farm in Illinois. Miss Mitchell will be a debutante next winter.



MISS LOUISE MITCHELL

Ladies of Senate Adjourn for Summer

THE indefatigable ladies of the Senate have decided to adjourn, whether their husbands will or not. Last Tuesday's meeting was the last until next winter. Mrs. Coolidge presided and on Wednesday she and Mrs. C. C. McChord were guests of Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh and Mrs. John Allen Daugherty for the benefit ball game which Cleveland and Washington played for the Boys' Club, the reorganized form of an old association of Washington newsmen. The Washington Rotary Club arranged the benefit, Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington team, being a local Rotarian. It was to have taken place on Tuesday, when Washington played St. Louis, but the heavens opened and the rains fell, and what should have been the American League Park was a fair imitation of a swimming pool, and the game had to be put off. The St. Louis team had to go on its scheduled way, but the Cleveland team, arriving for a series here, took over the benefit and played it on Wednesday—giving Washington a fine trouncing before a large and distinguished gathering for the Rotarians got busy and sold the tickets to a great many prominent people who were more than ready to pay well to see a real game, and, incidentally, to help fill the coffers of the Boys' Club.

It that he gets "nourishment," air, sleep, etc., in exactly the right quantities at exactly the right time. And he apparently likes that sort of care. Certainly he seems entirely willing to submit to it. Only his closest friends ever really see him, and they not for long. Occasionally a distinguished foreigner, who was perhaps associated with him in the deliberations of the peace conference, comes to Washington and makes a point of paying his respects to former President Wilson—usually a visit of ceremony being arranged even more carefully than the inevitable call at the White House. Former members of his administration—if they have not quarreled with him—undoubtedly call on him when they come to Washington—former Secretary Baker, now head of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, for instance, was here a couple of months ago; and former Secretary Daniels has been here on several occasions. It's a curious life he leads!



MRS. JOHN R. MITCHELL

Diplomats Take Part in Tournament

FOR those who are forcibly detained in town this summer—or are remaining voluntarily—Washington seems to offer plenty of amusement in the way of outdoor sports. And even though the rain on Saint Swithin's Day has consistently fulfilled its promise of return each day since, the swimming, golf and tennis goes serenely on.

Attention of society has been attracted the last week to the tennis tournament being played by the members of the diplomatic corps between storms. They have divided their matches between courts at Wardman Park, the Country Club, and the shady court at Mrs. John B. Henderson's estate in Sixteenth street, where the finals were played.

Among the diplomats who have either played or taken an active interest in the matches are the minister of Siam, Phya Karavongse, and the attaché of the embassy, Mr. Bunnag; the charge d'affaires of the British embassy, Henry Getty Chilton; the military attaché of the embassy, Major General Bethell, and Mr. McCormick-Goodhart, Harold Sims and S. C. Lawrence, attaché of the embassy; the second secretary of the French embassy, Jules Henry, the third secretary of the embassy, Hubert Guerin, and Count de Sleyes, attaché of the embassy; the second secretary of the Spanish embassy, Mr. Amodeo; the secretary of the Brazilian embassy, Mr. de Sousa; the military attaché of the Italian embassy, Col. di Bernozzo; the third secretary of the embassy, Mr. Silenzi,

Diplomatic Flavor at Hot Springs

HOT SPRINGS, Va., July 22. THE week here had a diplomatic and political flavor. Henry W. Anderson of the Department of Justice, formerly director of the American Red Cross activities in Rumania, came down from Washington by automobile with Frederick Nano, charge d'affaires of the Rumanian Legation, and Mme. Nano, for whom a number of luncheons and dinners were given. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Eddy, of New York; and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Welsh, Jr., of Philadelphia, rode over the Flag Rock trail and came down to Valley View for luncheon in which they were joined by M. and Mme. Nano, who went out by motor. Mr. Anderson was called back to Washington early in the week, the Nanos returning on Friday.

George Holden Tinkham, member of Congress from Massachusetts, has arrived from Washington for a visit of four weeks and is taking the baths. Mr. Tinkham is an active horseman and is daily on the mountain trails.

and Capt. Carlo Huntington; the charge d'affaires of the Rumanian legation, Mr. Nano; the charge d'affaires of the Netherlands legation, Dr. Hubrecht; counselor of the Chinese legation, Mr. Yuang Kwa, and the attaché of the legation, Mr. Tong; the charge d'affaires of the Polish legation, Mr. Kwapiszewski; the secretary of the legation, Dr. Sokolowski, Mr. Lizenewski and Mr. Glzycki.

POLITICS PLAYED AT MRS. HARRIMAN'S THURSDAY EVENINGS

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Occasionally Is Among Guests

THIS is the day of petticoat influence. And while women all over the country are breaking lances with men in the political lists, a Washington woman, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, is quietly qualifying as a "political hostess" and making her old-fashioned house in F street the unofficial headquarters of her party.

It's the Democratic party, of course, for Mrs. Harriman has always been a staunch supporter of Democratic principles and an ardent "Wilson man." So now that things are beginning to look brighter for the party—and it is astonishing how the gloom which enshrouded all good Democrats a year ago has been dissipated—she has inaugurated a series of Thursday evening supper parties in her pleasant garden, with Democratic leaders in the Senate and the House as her principal guests and politics served up for discussion over the coffee cups.

"Do they dance?" a sweet young thing inquired on hearing of Mrs. Harriman's garden suppers, to be answered with "No, they pull the strings for others to dance." And they do, in truth, for not only do the Senate and House leaders turn up pretty regularly, with their wives if the ladies chance to be in town, but one is sure to meet visiting Democratic big-wigs at Mrs. Harriman's. Cordell Hull, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is almost always there and so is Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, national committee woman in charge of party activities among women.

And who do you suppose the hostess has managed to capture on at least two occasions? Mrs. Woodrow Wilson! The wife of the former President was Mrs. Harriman's guest last Thursday and the Thursday before. It is quite an unusual event for her to venture into society these days since she rarely leaves her distinguished patient, but she seemed to thoroughly enjoy seeing old friends, personal and political, again.

The personnel of these Thursday evening parties varies, of course, but there are usually from twenty to thirty guests. Among them one is likely to meet the Oscar Underwoods when they are in town and the Pomerenes, Senator Walsh of Montana, Senator Gerry and Senator Hitchcock and Senator Joseph Robinson of Arkansas, generally regarded as one of the coming men of the Democratic party. A handful of newspaper men representing Democratic and independent papers—men like William Hard and Charles Macdonald—are also frequently in the company.

The dinners—or more properly suppers, for everything is served cold and the menu is usually made up of salads, jellies and such delightful summer delicacies—are most informal and are served at small tables, set out under the trees which shade the garden. So it's all very chummy and very enjoyable, as well as significant.

It seems a bit odd that it should be Mrs. Harriman, with no official connections either in person or by proxy, who should come the closest of any woman in Washington to establishing a political salon—for the Democrats. And yet since the early days of the Wilson Administration she has wielded strong influence in party politics. This is more interesting, moreover, from the fact that she has answered the now famous query "Are women people?" in the affirmative and refuses to be segregated or to play her politics through women's organizations.

President Wilson sent Mrs. Harriman on two important missions to Europe while he was in the White House; and since his retirement she has devoted much of her undoubted administrative ability to the organization of the Wilson Foundation.

Another place where the Democratic cohorts are won't to gather these summer days is at the home of Mrs. Emily Newell Blair. She has taken a house on the edge of Cleveland Park, a place with pleasant gardens and wide verandas, and keeps open house there on Sunday afternoons. Usually she has from fifty to seventy-five guests for tea and, since most of them are of Democratic persuasion, the talk is likely to turn to politics.

IN Mrs. Medill McCormick and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth the Republicans boast important political hostesses—potential if not actual. Mrs. McCormick, wife of the Senator from Illinois, has played a much more active part in politics than her close friend, Mrs. Longworth. The late Theodore Roosevelt's brilliant daughter has preferred to keep herself in the

MISS JEANNETTE OLIVER DUNCAN, niece of Congressman William B. Oliver of Alabama, is to wed Ensign Thomas Lee McCann, U. S. N.



Congressman's Niece To Wed Navy Man

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM B. OLIVER OF ALABAMA announces the engagement of his niece, Miss Jeannette Oliver Duncan, to Ensign Thomas Lee McCann, U. S. N. The wedding will take place in the early fall. Miss Duncan makes her home here with her uncle.

background, acting as political counselor to her husband, who has represented an Ohio constituency in the House for many years. And yet it is said that nowhere in Washington are politics played more skillfully than at the Longworths.

Mr. and Mrs. Longworth don't go in for entertaining on a large scale. But Mrs. Longworth, who has inherited more of her father's magnetism and "punch" than any of his children, knows just how to get the right people together, and to get them in the right frame of mind. Her little dinners are eminently successful and many an important question of statecraft or diplomacy has been decided at her perfectly appointed table.

Mrs. McCormick comes naturally by her interest and her skill, being the daughter of Mark Hanna and having been raised on politics. She was for a long time chairman of the Republican Women's National Committee and has been actively associated with women's adventures in practical politics. During the war she inaugurated a series of Sunday evening supper parties, at which sooner or later everybody of consequence, native or imported, turned up; and whenever she is in town her house is a gathering place for Republican leaders and for the most thoughtful and interesting element of Washington's cosmopolitan society.



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AMERICANS COMING HOME TO ESCAPE COST OF LIVING

Each Returning Greyhound Brings Quota of Travel-Weary.

(Continued from First Page.) ways by the mistress of "Marble House," but, due to the fact that she has become the second wife of the former Consuelo Vanderbilt's first husband, the portals of "Marble House" are no longer open to the young miss now privileged to wear strawberry leaves in her collar.

FOR the life of me I cannot understand why Katherine Porter does not forsake the bachelor girl ranks. One thing is certain—"Kay" is not lacking in proposals. I know of at least three "eligibles" (one a shining light at the none too brilliant Union Club, while the other two prefer the moonshine at the Brook Club to the sunshine at the Meadowbrook) who have popped "the question" on various occasions.

All of "Kay's" intimates are now united in her wedlock and she, to a certain extent, has dropped out of the gay little clique in which she was once a leading factor.

Dame Rumor tells me the Porters—"Kay's" pater and mater, the T. Wyman Porters—are none too well blessed with the coin of the realm. "Kay's" infrequent appearances in the world of fashions are attributed to that fact.

Tommy-rot! A young woman as popular as "Kay" Porter needs very little cold, hard cash to keep going in the innermost circles. Take, for example, Lota Robinson. On an income that totals, according to the tabbies, next to nothing Lota has been playing about in the New York-Newport "circuit set" for many years. Lota could, if she so desired, augment her income by writing a book on the life of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and the important part the late departed Mayme took in the social life of New York and Newport.

Lota is one of the few persons really equipped to write such a volume and I suggest, without any hope of remuneration, such titles as "The Last Days of the 'Cross ways,'" or "Mayme Fish at Home and at Newport."

FROM London comes the interesting news that young Lord Holmdale, the son and heir of the Earl of Amherst, will again come to these shores in the autumn in time for the early social season.

Last spring, when the dapper and handsome young Englishman arrived in "the States" after a tour of Canada and the far West, he was widely fêted and the doors of New York's most exclusive homes were thrown open to the future Earl of Amherst.

Holmdale is delighted with the life in New York and he expects to spend several months in the metropolis and in Philadelphia, where he also has numerous friends.



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